

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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THE DEAD.

My thoughts marched onward, solemn as a train of martial men, trampling with heavy tread...

Out in the stillness, where no echoes beat, I saw a lone figure in the distance, pale as death...

Softly and swiftly glide the true eunuchs, Where light and love, like golden rain, are shed...

'The dead are we,' said they; 'my soul expanding, Drank in the liquid sound—THE DEAD ARE WE: We seekers are, who seek the understanding...

'By day and night, our hope, and our endeavor, Are reaching inward to the hearts of men, And day and night, the words of the never...

'Go back, brave thoughts, and struggle for the holy, Draw upward from inconceivable gloom; Cry out aloud, 'The Lord is here!'

'Clothe yourselves sweetly in melodious measures; For from angelic choirs the music rolls, And so long as the world's divinest treasures...

'From our exhausted loins are ever springing, The seeds, wherein man's glowing heart rejoices, And ceaselessly your minds are ringing...

'So say, brave thoughts, we are the dead, who ever, With love undying, watch the hopes of men, And day and night, the words of the never...

My thoughts marched onward, joyful as a train of angels, To all the earth replying: 'Oh! call ye to the dead, 'The Lord is here!'

For they are the Undying.

A LITTLE LONGER YET.

A little longer yet, a little longer, Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet blue ring, And the blue branches where soft winds are blowing...

A little longer yet, a little longer, Than that shall bloom the quiet of the moon, While tender grasses and awakening flowers...

A little longer yet, a little longer, The voice that thou shalt hear, shall come to thee, And thou shalt smile and nod, and say...

A little longer yet, a little longer, Shall starry night be beautiful for thee, And the cold moon shall look through the blue stillness...

A little longer yet, a little longer, Shall the golden sun be bright for thee, And thy true heart that loves to beat to hear...

A little longer yet, a little longer, Shall the glory and the brightness and the wonder, Eternal and divine, that wait the rest...

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His shall tell you himself.

The door opened, and the crusader's squire made his appearance, at the same instant that sounds of a fierce combat...

'What is that?' asked Arthur of the squire. 'A fight between the Baron Rodney and Count Fontenay. While your message was retained, I sent a challenge to the Count, which invited him to meet the Baron in deadly conflict...

'Fair maiden, I am charged with a message, and cannot delay.' 'No, but you will arrive full as soon. Do not turn a deaf ear to our appeals, for as a true knight, thou shouldst be ready to hear the wrongs we have to narrate to thee!'

'Faith, I will tarry for a few moments, if so be that you will excuse my dust-covered attire. It were a difficult thing for mortal man to resist the invitation of such charming fairies as yourselves!'

'Plattering knight! if you think thus of our attractions, what will you say to those of our mistress, the fair lady Edith?' 'Edith! I queried the knight, looking from one to the other of the maidens, as if equally bewildered by his eyes and his thoughts. Dismissing, he led the horse to a pile of newly cut grass, indicated to him by one of the girls, and then attended them to their rustic bower. The servant, on riding up, and seeing his master thus engaged, lost no time in baiting his own steed, and then threw himself at length on the green sward under the trees, where he lay motionless, while the crusader partook of the dainties spread before him, and answered the questions showered upon him by his charming hostesses.

'You spoke of your mistress,' said the knight, as he arose—'is she near?' 'She is on yonder tower.'

The quick eyes of Arthur caught a glimpse of a white dress, as the wind blew out its long train from behind one of the raised corners of the old battlements of the tower, but he could not see the face, nor even the figure of the wearer.

'You will certainly go and pay your devours, sir knight?' pleaded one of the girls, with her most bewitching smile. 'The knight hesitated; but the mention of the name of Edith had caused him so much curiosity, that he finally concluded to gratify it, saying to himself: 'It will require but a moment, and then I will hurry on my way.'

'But you must proceed to the tower alone,' said one of the girls. 'The ascent is easy and direct; you cannot miss the way to the spot where our lady is standing.'

'The knight bowed, promising to come back in a moment and take his leave of the girls, and then went to the tower. After some difficulty, he made his way to the battlements, but no sign of any woman was seen, and all his search, in the shades of twilight, which had now commenced casting their shadows around him, was fruitless.

'I am tricked,' he finally muttered. 'I will instantly return and leave this evil spot. Ah, my head! how it whirls! and how obscure and thick are my thoughts becoming!' Those girls were certainly fairies, and they have dragged or poisoned the wisp!

He made his way back to the spot where he had left the three maidens; but a single glance showed him that they were gone, with every vestige of their late presence. He then perceived the absence of his horse. Alarmed, he commenced calling his squire. Receiving no answer, he proceeded to the spot where he had seen his squire dismount, and found that his man and the horse he had ridden were also missing. Still, he called till he felt himself confused and half insensible, and then he resolved on proceeding aloof.

But everything seemed strange to his vision, and it was not long before his sight grew so indistinct that he did not know where he was going. Finally, he sank down, in a troubled sleep, and a number of several hours, although it seemed to him but a moment. On recovering his senses, he found that the green sward was no longer beneath him; he was in a splendidly furnished apartment, and lying in a soft and refreshing bed.

'Where am I?' he murmured, looking around; his eye speedily rested on an open letter which lay upon the coverlid within his reach. He instantly seized it, recognizing it as the sealed document with which he had been entrusted by Baron Rodney, and read as follows: 'TO THE COUNT FONTENAY.—On receipt of this, by Arthur Templeton, knight, you will please cause the bearer to be put out of the way, as I am fearful lest he trouble me in my proposed union with the lady Edith Brenneath. From your old friend and servant, THE BARON RODNEY.'

'P.S.—Can you accommodate me and a few retainers at your castle for the coming night?' 'And so,' soliloquized Arthur, 'this is the sort of message I was desired to carry to the count. Whoever may be these maidens, they have evidently shown me a great favor in thus preventing me from bearing this letter to its destination.'

A soft step beside the bed caused the knight to start and turn his face in that direction. He beheld the object of his long cherished affection, Edith Brenneath, who clasped him in her arms, and showered repeated kisses on his cheeks and lips.

'Oh, my Edith!' said the knight. 'It is indeed you!' 'Yes, dear Arthur,' and there were tears of joy in her eyes. 'My maids gave you too much of the drug; they almost poisoned you; but do you feel better?' 'Almost well, dearest, and your presence will soon effect a perfect cure. But was it you who laid this little plot to prevent me from falling a victim to Baron Rodney?' 'Yes.'

'But how did you know that the Baron had such a murderous design?' 'By my father! And pray, have you learned from the same source that I have none of those honors and rewards I was led to expect?' 'No, no; but I have learned from him all your noble and generous deeds—of honor, bravery and discretion—of those Baron Rodney has prevented you from receiving!'

'Is it possible that your father is aware of all this?' 'None better. He has faithfully reported to me all your movements, since the day you left our native village for the holy land.'

'And how has he been able to gather all these accounts?' 'I shall tell you myself.'

The door opened, and the crusader's squire made his appearance, at the same instant that sounds of a fierce combat were heard proceeding from the neighboring wood.

'What is that?' asked Arthur of the squire. 'A fight between the Baron Rodney and Count Fontenay. While your message was retained, I sent a challenge to the Count, which invited him to meet the Baron in deadly conflict. The Count has eagerly complied, and the two forces have just met not far from the tower. I have only to say, that I hope and expect the two wretches will destroy each other.'

The young knight, on arising and passing to the window, saw he was within a room in the red tower, whither he had gone to find Edith. Wondering at all he had endured during the last few hours, he continued several moments looking out upon the struggle between the Count's retainers and the crusaders. When he at last turned to his squire for some information, he saw that the stern old Count of Brenneath had taken his place in the room—startled and anxious, he cast himself at the nobleman's feet.

'Arise, my son, and kneel no more, save when we shall all bow together, including you, Edith, and worship the true God!'

A suspicion suddenly took possession of the young knight's heart—one which caused his face to flush and his form to tremble.

'Is it possible?' he cried. 'Blind that I was, not to see it sooner! For two years, Count Brenneath, have you attended me as my faithful squire?'

'True, my son, because I discovered that my Edith was greatly attached to you, and wished to know whether you were worthy or not. Now I am satisfied, and so is your king, who from this time forth makes you the Baron of Templeton.' Not a word, my boy; salute your beloved, and may you both be happy, and none the less so because your enemies are dead!'

He pointed, as he spoke, to several of his servants, who were attending the dead bodies of the Count Fontenay and the Baron Rodney down the road. The lovers were married the next day, and the Count of Brenneath returned to his own castle, from which he had temporarily fled to avoid the attack of Count Fontenay, who had laid a plot to abduct the lady Edith.

There a happy and honorable life awaited them all, and the crusader was well satisfied with the result of his temptation, as he had given him the gentle enchantress of the old tower.

A Contented Farmer's Wife.

Mrs. Content Rogers was a sunny sort of a body, as any one could see by a glance at her front yard and windows. There was a honeysuckle trained upon each side of the door, a flower border running the whole length of the house, where the crocuses and snow-drops bailed the first genial days of spring, and jonquills, pink, violets, lilacs, roses and asters lavished their blossoms all summer long.

The fence was picketed and painted white, indicative of the tidy housewife within. The windows had green blinds, but they were kept joyously opened, as if the sun and friends were both heartily welcomed to the best room, where Content Rogers was the presiding genius. I have sometimes thought that these strongly marked traits of character run in the blood, and that a croaker or a jolly woman is quite as indebted to her constitution as to her training for her characteristics.

Certainly her peculiar characteristics ran rightfully by her characteristics, and she was contented, and her husband was contented. Her maiden name was Goodenough, her father was called Waitstill, and her mother Hope.

The last child, (the twelfth, by the way,) was named Content, as filling the measure of her happiness. Patience, Faith, Hope, charity and Temperance were cherished female names in the family, that had been handed down for many generations. By a sort of manifold process, which seems to be as strongly believed in by the moderns as by the ancients, she had married Content Rogers, and settled in this neat white farm house.

Content took me for a belated beggar, as I called quite early at the door. 'Poor old man, you look tired and hungry,' said she; 'come in and breakfast, we are just at the table.'

I found Content Rogers at the morning meal, with a goodly row of children upon each side of the table, of all ages from two to twenty. He had been sleeping, but not quite so early in the day, and his whole group was orderly, for the family was so much given to hospitality that an unexpected guest was no novelty in the household.

'Pray, how do you manage?' said I, 'to support so large a family farming?'

'I support so large a family business,' said she, 'in a very poor business.'

'Well, my wife can tell you more about that than I can. I keep the farm going out of doors, and I never find any difficulty in keeping the grain bins and coal chests well filled, and the larder well stored, and somehow there has always been enough to eat and drink ever since we began housekeeping, and that is twenty-two years ago this spring.'

'But what says that farming is a poor business?' asked Content, with a surprised look, as if she had never taken that view of it.

'Why, one of your townswomen by the name of Grimes,' said I.

'Oh, yes, I have seen her; she lives up in the other parish, and I haven't much acquaintance with her. But I thought the Grimeses were rich and happy. They are sending their sons to colleges, and their daughters go away to school. Perhaps they feel a little above their business, which always makes things go hard.'

'But don't you find it hard to feed so many mouths, and to keep so many children looking tidy?'

'Well, I am busy most of the time, said Content, smiling, but I never thought it hard. I do not know what we are to live for, if not to make others comfortable and happy. I have always found so many things to be thankful for, that I never found time to fret at the little worries of life. We named our first child Thankful, and somehow a blessing has seemed to follow us ever since. We have not had to wait till fall for a thanksgiving, for we have one about every month in the year. Before I got over my feeling glad for you, this I always notice that another came. When the children were sick, I always felt bad, but they were never sick long.'

'And when they got running round again, I forgot the past. They made us a good deal of care when they were small, but they gave us a great many more, as we used their services. It is a great comfort, sir, to have good children, and ours are the best in the world for all that.'

'But doing farming pay?'

'That depends upon what you mean by paying,' she continued. 'It pays us abundantly. We are happy in our work, and have no longing for the pleasures which others enjoy. If a man is only contented, I suppose it makes very little difference whether he has a thousand or a million of dollars. We have a snug, comfortable house, all paid for, and our worldly substance is increasing every year. I suppose we enjoy it as much as a king does his palace and kingdom. We are able to have a good variety of books and papers for ourselves and children to read, so that we are learning something every day. I suppose we enjoy them quite as much as if we had nothing else to do but to read them. Our children are in a fair way to make useful men and women. The children of the richest men will not make any thing more, and many of them will fail of this. If our business makes us happy, we think it pays quite as well as any business that does not make those happy who follow it. The garden is full of fruits and vegetables, and the grain bins are never empty.'

I left, fully persuaded that Content Rogers had found the philosopher's stone, if I had not found a farmer's wife.—Am. Agriculturist.

Thought She "Might be Induced."

A MATRIMONIAL SKETCH.

The fraternity of widows has been largely drafted upon for material to point morals and lessons and stories. The story I had about to relate happened—

'I had no time to get up a standard joke, but with a famous wag so many years ago, that it can do no harm now to relate it in print, as he often did in the social circle, somewhat in this wise:—

A relative of Daniel Webster, whom we will call Col. Webster, had the misfortune to lose his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. He was a man characterized by the coolness, wit and shrewdness of the family. Time gradually smoothed his grief, and finally he felt sufficiently lonely to desire the companionship of a wife once more. In the course of a conversation on the subject Daniel suggested that the widow of a near friend of the colonel would advise him to make a move in that direction.

The colonel pondered over the matter and came to a favorable conclusion. He was not acquainted with the lady, and he did not acquire her, but the choice of no one else, and was as his friend, he felt persuaded, must be a worthy one for him. Accordingly, urged by Daniel, he made an early start to visit the widow and propose his suit. Arrived at her house, which was in a New Hampshire village, he apologized for any seeming freedom on his part, in calling, and pleaded, in excuse, his intimacy with her deceased lord. He was graciously received, and invited to remain—

'I will do my best to entertain you, but I am afraid to prove as propitious as she has proved to be. The good lady was full of her admirer's past, and his memories of her deceased husband, in whom her heart seemed still wrapped up. In her prayers of the dead the colonel cordially joined, but he felt an awkward disinclination to take to his bosom a wife whose love was so ardently and warmly devoted to the memory of a predecessor.

However, the colonel was a matter-of-fact man, and having come upon special business, he concluded to accomplish it, and take the hazards. Accordingly about the time for retiring, he opened his subject, and stated the purpose of his visit, and believed that they could increase their mutual happiness by filling for each other the places of their deceased partners.

Hereupon the widow burst into a violent weeping—she was surprised he had dared to do such a thing—could never love another man—would never wed again, never—would consecrate all her life to his arms, and now in the cold, cold grave—and so on, in—shall I say it?—widow fashion.

The poor colonel, grieved and astonished, though not altogether dissatisfied, apologized earnestly. He was lonely, and felt the need of a companion—had cherished the friendship of her husband, who was an intimate friend—had thought their union might be mutually desirable and beneficial, and made quite a lengthy speech in self-justification and to soothe the disturbed feelings of the unhappy lady, and finally she dried her tears and ceased her lamentations, and the scene was closed by the colonel retiring to bed.

In the morning the widow had recovered her peace of mind, and was all attention, graciousness, and smiles to the good colonel. He bore, himself with the amenities of a courtly gentleman, and as soon as breakfast was ended, prepared to start.—The widow seemed in a mighty hurry, and urged a stay to dinner, but the colonel was obliged to be on the move homeward. At last he was at the door, and offered his hand for a parting pressure. The widow clasped it, held it for a moment, trembled, blushed, turned aside her head, and gently murmured:—

'Well, colonel, I have been thinking of—of—of—of what you said, and I—I—I think I might be induced.'

The colonel gave her a half quizzical, half serious look, and replying with 'Good morning, madam,' entered his chaise, and left for home an instructed man.

'An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him an oop of medicine.

'What is it?' he asked.

She answered—

'It is slixir asthmaic, it is very aromatic, and will make you feel ecstatic.'

'Nancy,' he replied, with a smile, 'you are very sister-matic.'

THE VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL.

BY WILLIAM F. THURGOOD.

The rattle is sounding, love, It calls me from thine arms; It bids me leave my peaceful home, To stand in my father's arms. Yet though thy cheek be pale, dear love, And poorly lean-drop fall, I know I would not have me stay, Nor shrink from duty's call.

Then once more fare thee well, my love! Nay, check those falling tears! On our good day they depend The hopes of future years— On those who'll rest our confidence— Who bless our early loves; And faithful shall our hearts remain— Fit'd as the stars above.

If in the conflict falling, love, The rattle will descend, Upon the grave of him who dies This country to defend.

Thought thou I would cry, dear love, One joy is surely thine, And shouldst thou leave thy present grief, And some life's decline.

For long as summer's pleasant gleam Ripples the sea's blue wave, A man's love shall still be true, The humblest and the brave; And while thy every faithful heart, Shall be as true as mine, And thou shalt be a true, true soul, The banner of the free.

No longer can I linger, love! My duty calls me on, Upon its course is fixed this day The cause of all the world; My battle cry shall be, And long a life will I remain Faithful to its end. [New York Atlas.]

A Modern Blue-Beard.

We give today—from the Petit Courrier Dames, of the 15th of November—

one of the most extraordinary accounts of the manner in which a fond husband contracted in Paris, to amuse himself with his wives—for he tickled two to death—that has ever fallen under our notice. Those who have had the experiment of tickling their feet tried upon them, can easily imagine the refinement of that torture which a person must endure, when so bound as to be unable to resist. What pleasure the demon could have taken in the ecstatic agonies of a lovely woman, no human mind can fancy; but that he did revel in them the narrative renders but too certain:—

EFFECTS OF TICKLING.

Mrs. de L— mixed with the fashionable world last winter, accompanied by her daughter Emily. Young and handsome she was, the object of general attention. Although without fortune, she received many advantageous proposals for her hand—but as her heart remained unaffected, she selected from the crowd of her admirers Mr. de V—. He was about forty, rich, and respected—he adored her and would thus make her happy. Emily made a confidante of her mother, who could not avoid expressing her surprise at the selection. Mr. de V— had already lost two wives, but he was a deity in their eyes, and she felt an invincible repugnance for which she could not account.

Emily thought so good an opportunity of securing a rich establishment might not again present itself; her mother yielded, and she was married to Mr. de V—. Some months after, Emily's brother urged her frankly to confess to him, whether she had realized the happiness which she had anticipated from the union.

Emily, in answer, said she 'my husband anticipates my every wish, and would render me fully happy, but for a singular request which he has made, and which, as I cannot understand the object, troubles me.'

'It must be very serious,' said Edward. 'Oh, no, it is very silly,' replied his sister; 'you would never imagine what... Only think of a request to bind myself with linen bandages—in a word to be a living copy of an Egyptian mummy.'

So, extraordinary as it had his sister, Edward felt as much as a singular request, he was so strongly excited to be spent in imaginings, and he urged his sister to yield, but with the condition that she should, unknown to the husband, be stationed during the operation in an adjoining room. Thus placed, his sister informed her husband that she had determined to yield to his request.

Wild with joy at this information, the husband found no words to express his gratification, and joyfully commenced his operations. Edward listened for some minutes in the room; his sister broke it by saying in a trembling tone:—

'And the arms too! He involuntarily trembled, as if he were to be the last words of his sister. 'Yes, my dear,' replied the husband gaily, 'I beg you—head and feet only go; just like a mummy, you know.'

And he again quiet. The silence lasted so long, again to frighten Edward, and he was upon the point of entering the room, when his sister commenced laughing immoderately. He felt assured and all was silent. Again she laughed, and more immoderately than before, and again all was silent. This to-morrow-like repose, broken by loud and immoderate laughing and succeeding the silence, was alarming—he knew not what to think of it, and burst into the room. At his appearance Mr. de V— fled, and Edward had bound her, that he might freely tickle her feet. Another fit of laughing, and Emily would have followed the two other wives of Mr. de V—.

The best attendance has but recalled her to existence a perfect idiot—the nervous system being entirely destroyed.—This adventure, known to all Paris for some days, is too well proved to be doubted. We suppress the names, solely out of regard to a highly respected family.

Mr. Smith you said you once officiated in a pulpit; do you mean that you preached?

'No sir; I held the light for the man that did.'

'Ah! the court understood you differently. They supposed, that the discourse came from you.'

'No, sir; I only threw a little light upon it.'

'No, levity, Mr. Smith. Orier wipe your nose and catch the next witness.'

'Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbia Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?'